I had been ſtill a happy king of men.
Good (ſometime Queene) prepare thee hence for *France*,
Thinke I am dead, and that euen heere thou takeſt
As from my death-bed my laſt liuing leaue.
In winters tedious nights ſit by the fire
With good old folkes, and let them tell thee tales
Of woefull ages long agoe betide,
And ere thou bid good to quite their griefe,
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
And ſend the hearers weeping to their beds:
For why, the ſenceleſſe brands will ſimpathy
The heauy accent of thy moouing tongue,
And in compaſſion weepe the fire out;
And ſome will mourne in aſhes, ſome cole blacke,
For the depoſing of a rightfull King.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Lord, the mind of *Bullingbrooke* is changd,
You muſt to *Pomfret*, not vnto the Tower.
And Madam, there is order tane for you,
With all ſwift ſpeed you muſt away to France.
King. *Northumberland*, thou ladder wherewithall
The mounting *Bullingbrooke* aſcends my throne.
The time ſhall not be many houres of age
More then it is, ere foule ſinne gathering head,
Shall breake into corruption, thou ſhalt thinke,
Though he deuide the Realme, and giue thee halfe,
It is too little, helping him to all:
He ſhall thinke, that thou which knowſt the way
To plant vnrightfull Kings, will know againe,
Beeing nere ſo little vrgd another way,
To plucke him headlong from the vſurped throne,
The loue of wicked men conuerts to feare,
That feare, to hate; and hate turnes one or both
To worthy danger and deſerued death.
North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end:
Take leaue and part, for you muſt part foorthwith.
King. Doubly diuorc't, (bad men) you violate

A two fold mariage, betwixt my Crowne and me,
And then betwixt me, and my married wife.
Let me vnkiſſe the oath betwixt thee and me:
And yet not ſo, for with a kiſſe t'was made,
Part vs *Northumberland*, I towards the North,
Where ſhiuering cold and ſickeneſſe pines the clime:
My Wife to France, from whence ſet foorth in pompe,
She came adorned hither, like ſweete May,
Sent backe like Hollowmas, or ſhortſt of day.
Quee. And muſt we be deuided? muſt we part?
King. I, hand from hand (my loue) and heart from he
Queen. Baniſh vs both, and ſend the King with me.
King. That were ſome loue, but little policie.
Queen, Then whither he goes, thither let me goe.
King. So two togither weeping, make one woe;
Weepe for me in France, I for thee here,
Better farre off then neere be neare the neere:
Goe count thy way with ſighes, I mine with groanes.
Queen. So longeſt way ſhall haue the longeſt moanes
King. Twiſe for one ſtep Ile grone, the way being ſho
And peece the way out with a heauie heart.
Come, come, in wooing ſorrow lets be briefe,
Since wedding it, there is ſuch length in griefe:
One kiſſe ſhall ſtoppe our mouthes, and doubly part,
Thus giue I mine, and thus take I thy heart.
Queen. Giue me my owne againe, twere no good pa
To take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart.
So now I haue mine owne againe, be gone,
That I may ſtriue to kill it with a groane.
King. We make Woe wanton with this fond delay,
Once more adew, the reſt let ſorrow ſay.

Exe

Enter Duke of Yorke and the Dutcheſſe.

Dut. My Lord, you told me you would tell the reſt
When weeping made you breake the ſtory
Of our two Coſins comming into London.
Yorke, Where did I leaue?
Dutc. At that ſad ſtop my Lord,

Wh